THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Sketch of the Character of the late Earl of Chatham.

[From Dr. Mavor's Britiſh Nepos.]

SAGACITY, promptitude, and energy, were the predominant traits of Lord Chatham's character. His ruling paſſion was an ambitious love of glory, but it was of an honourable and virtuous kind; he practiſed no meanneſs to obtain it, and his private life was unſullied by any vice. He was conſcious of his virtues and talents, and therefore appeared impatient of contradiction in public affairs; but in ſociety he could unbend to all companies, and poſſeſſed ſuch a fund of intelligence and verſatility of wit, that he could adapt himſelf to all circumſtances and occaſions.

In the higher parts of oratory he had no competitor, and ſtood alone the rival of antiquity. His eloquence was of every kind; and he excelled in the argumentative as well as the declamatory ſpecies. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with ſuch energy of diction, and ſuch dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated thoſe who were the moſt willing and beſt able to encounter him. Their arms fell from their hands, and they ſhrunk under the aſcendant which his genius had gained over their's. The fluent Murray has faultered, and Fox, Lord Holland, ſhrunk back appalled, from an adverſary "fraught with fire unquenchable," if the expreſſion may be permitted.

"He could adapt himſelf to every topic, but dignity was the character of his oratory, and his perſonal greatneſs gave weight to the ſtile he aſſumed. His aſſertions roſe into proof, his foreſight became prophecy. No clue was neceſſary to the labyrinth illumined by his genius. Truth came forth at his

bidding, and realized the wiſh of the philoſopher; ſhe was ſeen and beloved."

Such are the panegyrics paid to this great man's intellectual and expreſſive powers by ſome who were witneſſes of their effects, and judges of their merits.

On a character ſo highly reſpected, and endeared to Engliſhmen, it would be grateful to enlarge; but we can add nothing new to what has been advanced in his commendation by the ableſt writers; and ſilent admiration on ſuch a favourite ſubject is, perhaps, the moſt eloquent and efficient praiſe!

State of the Interior of the Cape of Good Hope.

THE following is an abſtract of the account which has been tranſmitted by the gentlemen who were ſent by Government on a voyage of diſcovery into the interior of Africa.

After travelling about 300 hours from the Cape, or, as we ſuppoſe, about 800 Engliſh miles in the direction of N. E. or thereabouts, which would bring them within two degrees of the tropic, they came to the capital of the Boetzuanas, containing about 1500 houſes, and 7000 inhabitants. The name of this city is Likitow. So vaſt an aſſemblage of dwellings, exceeding the number of thoſe in Cape Town, with a population equal, if not ſuperior, excluding the ſlaves, makes it more than probable, that the inhabitants have not only attained a very conſiderable pitch of civilization, but it implies alſo a more than ordinary degree of induſtry in the cultivation of the arts, and the purſuits of agriculture.

Surrounded by a barren country, and bordering to the northward, on other tribes of people, remaining in a fixed and ſedentary life, and deriving little or no ſupport from commerce, we are entirely at a loſs to conceive in what manner they contrive to ſubſiſt ſo great a multitude. The details of their political and domeſtic œconomy muſt furniſh new and highly intereſting matter to add to the hiſtory of ſavage nations. It would be equally unaccountable, that in the courſe of 160 years, no correct information of the Boetzuanas ſhould have been obtained, if it did not occur to us, that no ſingle diſcovery has been effected nor any account of the ſouthern angle of Africa been made public, except by occaſional and foreign viſitors. It may be further added, that the country within the limits of the colony has been better known, and more travelled by Europeans or ſettlers, within the laſt five years, than in the whole period of its colonization prior to the time we mention. At the capture of the colony, no part of the very extenſive diſtrict of Graaff Reynet appeared in any of their charts, except Zwart Kop's Bay; nor were there then three men in the whole Cape who could point out with any degree of accuracy where it was ſituated.

ſituated. This dreaded journey of a long month is now become familiar, and accompliſhed by a Britiſh officer, with a couple of horſes, in ſix days.

With regard to the Boetzuans, their name, their numbers, their ſituation, and reſources, were all falſified in the accounts given by thoſe who pretended to a knowledge of this nation.

The literary world will derive no ſmall degree of gratification from the labours of the preſent expedition. Beſides a variety, or perhaps a new ſpecies of rhinoceros, no leſs than four animals of the antelope and bovine genus, hitherto undeſcribed, have been diſcovered, among which one is ſtated to be allied to that very ſingular animal the groo, and another in ſome degree to the hartebreeſt; and the fine arts will be enriched by the pencil of the very able artiſt who accompanies the expedition.

Notwithſtanding the great diſtance that the Boetzuanas are removed from the Cape, they complained grievouſly of certain perſons on the frontiers of the colony committing depredations on their cattle, and ill-treating their people. They particularly mention a man of the name of Jan Blom, who, with his gang, had of late years very much infeſted them; and they concluded naturally enough, that all the coloniſts were like Jan Blom; and of courſe they were at firſt guarded and diſtruſtful of the preſent commiſſion; which, however, by a reſidence nearly of a month, ſufficiently convinced them that all Chriſtians were not of the ſame deſcription as Jan Blom and his gang.

Humanity ſhudders in contemplating the deplorable ſituation to which the bulk of the native inhabitants and rightful owners of this country have been reduced, by the arts and machinations of ſuch lawleſs miſcreants as theſe. To ſuch are owing the numerous hordes of Bosjeſmen, who, driven by imperious want to aſſail the habitations or the flocks of the coloniſts, are hunted down by the latter with more eagerneſs, and deſtroyed with leſs remorſe (for their deſtruction is the cauſe of triumph), than the vileſt or moſt obnoxious beaſt of prey.

The natural diſpoſition of the different tribes of Hottentots, is mild, peaceable, and cheerful; and, by gentle uſage, might be moulded into any ſhape. The habits of life in which they have been brought up naturally incline them to a fondneſs of liberty, and render them impatient of confinement and reſtraint; but they are perhaps, of all the people in the world who have been accuſtomed to a roving life, the eaſieſt broken in to conſtant labour, and reconciled to a fixed abode. As a proof of this, we need only refer to the exertions of the miſſionaries, whoſe endeavours in this country have been crowned with better ſucceſs than perhaps in any other. Degraded as this people have ſtood in the page of hiſtory, and repreſented as they have generally been at the foot of the ſcale of rational animals, we are doubtful whether any nation or tribe of men, falling under the uſual denomination of

ſavage, are poſſeſſed of more natural endowments, or more apt to acquire thoſe of art than the Hottentots. We could enumerate various inſtances in ſupport of this opinion, were it neceſſary; but they are now ſo well and ſo generally known, that ſuch details are unneceſſary.

Obſervations on the State in which Europe is placed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace.

By Mr. Belsham.

IN regard to the actual ſtate of Europe, at the preſent time, it is by no means, upon the whole, ſo unfavourable to the intereſt and ſafety of theſe kingdoms as might have been previouſly expected. Notwithſtanding the vaſt territorial acquiſitions of France, the other principal powers of Europe have experienced no diminution of their former greatneſs. Ruſſia retains all her coloſſal force and gigantic preponderancy in the north. Pruſſia, in ſure and certain expectation of being fully indemnified for her loſſes, under a wiſe and watchful government, gradually cements and ſtrengthens the foundations of her yet recent empire. And what the politicians of the laſt age ſtiled "The miracle of the houſe of Auſtria," has been renewed. After a nine years war, in which, notwithſtanding her heroic exertions, ſhe has been almoſt uniformly unſucceſsful, the emperor finds himſelf, at the concluſion of a general peace, more powerful than ever. For the loſs of the Netherlands—a detached and diſtant territory, very open at all times to the invaſion of France, and exceedingly difficult to defend—is infinitely more than compenſated by the acquiſition of the greater part of the Venetian *terra firma*, and the whole of the Venetian Dalmatia, by which he is become abſolute maſter of the Adriatic. Beſides which, he will probably receive, as a further indemnification, that large portion of Bavaria lying ſouth-eaſtward of the Inn; all of which will be eaſily and at once amalgamated with the general maſs of the Auſtrian dominions.

As to Great Britain, ſeparately conſidered, although ſhe has loſt the advantage which ſhe formerly enjoyed from the alliance of Holland, it muſt be confeſſed that the power of this republic has been ſo much reduced in the courſe of the laſt century, that the aſſiſtance to be derived from it was, perhaps, more than counterbalanced by the neceſſity of defending it. On the other hand, the riches, the power, and the population of Great Britain, have, during the ſame period ſo much increaſed, that ſhe alone is of far greater weight in the political ſcale than the maritime powers were formerly in conjunction: and the naval

preponderancy

preponderancy of theſe iſlands has kept pace (an important fact) with the military preponderancy of France.

Whence then the idle terrors which haunt the minds of our preſent alarmiſts? Vigilance, and even jealouſy—that is to ſay a wiſe and enlightened, not an envious and anxious jealouſy—are indeed now, as at all other times, proper and neceſſary; and this is the jealouſy which appears to be exerciſed by our preſent miniſters.

To ſum up the whole: if we detach ourſelves, as far as circumſtances will admit, from the quarrels of the continent, and content ourſelves with fighting our own battles upon our own element—though peace will at all times be highly deſirable—ſhould occaſions ariſe to render war really juſt and neceſſary, there will be no reaſon to regard it as peculiarly dangerous or terrible.

Memoir of Touſſaint, the Black General at St. Domingo.

(Concluded from Page 74.)

THE preſident of the royal audience at St. Domingo (Don Joachim Garcia) had placed Touſſaint under the orders of the Marquis d'Hermena, one of the braveſt and ableſt officers of the Spaniſh army. On the 25th of June, 1794, Touſſaint, after hearing maſs and taking the ſacrament with uncommon marks of devotion, quitted the church, mounted his horſe, and ſurrounding by his own troops the Spaniards under his command, coolly ordered them all to be maſſacred! Old and young, men, women, and children, were indiſcriminately put to the ſword—many having previouſly undergone the extremes of brutality from the army of the negro chief!! The churches were pillaged, and the property of individuals, as well as of the Spaniſh government, carried away.

Three hours before this maſſacre, Touſſaint Louverture had renewed his oath of fidelity to the King of Spain before Don Garcia and the Marquis d'Hermena! It was no ſooner committed than he marched with his troops to Port de Paix, where he took the oath of fidelity to the French republic in the preſence of General Etienne Laveaux, who at that time commanded in Saint Domingo.

Touſſaint Louverture was now made general of diviſion, and lieutenant governor of Saint Domingo; and thus elevated, ſaw himſelf in a condition ſucceſsfully to prepare the way for his own uſurpation.

After various acts of atrocity, and many ſingular artifices played off alternately in the intereſts of France and Spain by this ſingular character, in order to accompliſh the grand object of his

his ambition, his real intentions were ſo far from being ſuſpected, that he was every where applauded: he was hailed the ſaviour of the colony, and the directory expreſſed its ſatisfaction and gratitude, aiding the deluſion by a preſent of a habit richly embroidered, a moſt elegant ſabre, and ſeveral pair of piſtols of the manufactory at Verſailles!

While Touſſaint gained a deciſive triumph in France, he compelled by his intrigues and violence the Commiſſioner Raymond to put into his hands the entire and abſolute adminiſtration of the colony. Being thus rendered abſolute maſter of the iſland, and without a rival, he never ceaſed to exerciſe a tyranny almoſt as intolerable in its means as in its object. At the concluſion of the late troubles, which agitated the northern part of the iſland, (in which near 600 white people were ſlain, together with all the black domeſtics of the eſtates on which they reſided,) the negro chief cauſed his own nephew, General Moyſe, to be ſhot—the ſame who had been the ſecret agent of his dark intrigues.

There wanted but one formal act to add to the ſplendour of the ſucceſsful ambition of this perfidious African—this was ſolemnly to diſſolve the ties which united the colony to the mother country, to proclaim his independence by public acts, and conſtitute himſelf the ſupreme head of the iſland. This laſt enterpriſe, ſo long meditated, and ſo ſteadily prepared, in the midſt of ſo many treaſons, characteriſed with the blood of ſo many victims, was executed on the 13th Meſſidor (1ſt July), 9th year of the republic.

The grand object of the black general being accompliſhed, having the whole colony under his immediate influence, the efforts of the French government became more immediately directed in oppoſition to the power of this uſurper; and accordingly we find, even while the negociations for peace were going on, a powerful ſquadron, under the command of General Leclerc, diſpatched to the iſland of St. Domingo. A narrative of this affair being already laid before the public, it would be ſuperfluous to enter into the detail; we ſhall therefore conclude this article with a ſhort ſketch of his perſon and character.

This celebrated negro is of the middle ſtature; he has a fine eye, and his glances are rapid and penetrating. Extremely ſober by habit, his activity in the proſecution of his enterprizes is inceſſant. He is an excellent horſeman, and travels on occaſion with inconceivable rapidity, arriving frequently at the end of his journey alone, or almoſt unattended, his aids-de-camp and his domeſtics being unable to follow him in journies which are often of fifty or ſixty leagues. He ſleeps generally in his clothes, and gives very little time either to repoſe or to his meals.

His dreſs is uſually a general's uniform. He always has a handkerchief twiſted round his head, over which he wears a military hat.

His diſpoſition is dark and taciturn. He ſeldom ſpeaks the French language, and that very ill. All his actions are covered with ſuch a profound veil of hypocriſy, that, although his life has been a ſeries of treachery or crimes, all who approach him are betrayed into an opinion of the purity of his intentions. The Marquis d'Hermena, that intelligent and diſtinguiſhed Spaniſh officer of whom I have already ſpoken, ſaid of him—" If God deſcended on earth, he could not inhabit a heart more apparently good than that of Touſſaint Louverture."

His character is a ſtrange and frightful mixture of fanaticiſm and fierce paſſions. He paſſes without remorſe from the altar to premeditated carnage, and from devotion to the darkeſt contrivances of perfidy. He appears always ſurrounded by prieſts, for whom he affects uncommon veneration. Prieſts generally draw up his proclamations. He lately had three confeſſors—an Italian eccleſiaſtic named Martini, the curate of Cape Francais, and the Abbe Moliere, reſident in that city.

But all this exterior of devotion is no other than a maſk, with which he finds it uſeful to cover the depraved paſſions of his heart, more ſucceſsfully to direct the blind credulity of the negroes. If he were ſtill further to extend his hypocriſy and his influence over them (of which he is capable, if he ſees need), it cannot be doubted that with the extravagant ideas the blacks have formed of him, ſeconded by the prieſts, who are devoted to his ſervice, he might aſſume the character of an inſpired perſonage, and be obeyed, in his commands to his followers, to commit all crimes in the name of Heaven.

Touſſaint Louverture is not ſincerely attached to the liberation of the negroes, but deteſts the dominion of Europeans. He loathes with a mortal hatred the mulattoes, whoſe race in the colony he has almoſt rooted out. He deſpiſes his own brethren, the negroes, whom he employs merely as inſtruments of his ambition, and whoſe death he coldly commands by thouſands, when his power is in the leaſt menaced.

He abuſed the confidence of his firſt benefactors; he betrayed his own faction, the Spaniſh, Engliſh, mulattoes, white people, France under royal government, republican France, his own blood, his country, and the religion he profeſſes to reſpect.

Such is the portrait of Touſſaint Louverture, whoſe life, when there ſhall be opportunity of writing it with more ample circumſtances, will furniſh a ſtriking example of the crimes to which ambition will lead, when education, integrity and honour do not check its natural progreſs.——This man has at length capitulated, upon condition that he ſhould be ſuffered to ſeek repoſe during the remainder of his life.

Letters

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

(Continued from Page 93.)

Chatillon, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1801.

IT is now drawing very near to midnight; we ſat down to our dinner at about ten o'clock, glad enough to get out of the chaiſe. Since we left the pavé the roads have been execrably bad, really dangerous: we have gone many a mile this day at only a foot pace, the carriage pitching and heaving preciſely as if ſhe had been at ſea; with all our ballaſt, we could not always keep her from going gunnel-to—however we are brought ſafe to anchor for the preſent.

Laſt night I left you at Troyes, which we entered by moonlight: the maſſy gateways, and the deep-yawning foſſé, produced, as we paſſed over the drawbridge, a very ſtriking effect. Troyes, I ſhould imagine, is a very large and populous city. Being detained there this morning two or three hours by our carriage, which, as uſual, wanted ſome little reparation after the fatigue of the day, R—— and myſelf walked about the town. It was market-day, and we both agreed that we had never ſeen a market more extenſive or more plentifully ſupplied: it abounded, literally abounded, with pigs, turkeys, geeſe, chickens, partridges, ſnipes, woodcocks, ducks, larks, and vegetables of every deſcription. All the domeſtic animals are brought to market alive, and the confuſion of noiſes is enough to diſtract one. The price of pork is five ſols (2½d. Engliſh) per pound: but the animals are generally in ſuch a poor condition that they would not have been ſaleable in England for the purpoſe of immediate ſlaughter. Mutton we often taſte that is extremely delicate and fine, nor is there any reaſon to find fault with the beef, which is fattened with oil cake: ſeeing a large quantity of this in the market, and not knowing what it was, we enquired of a ſaleswoman, who told us that it was "pour donner aux beſtiaux.

All travellers through France, prior to the revolution, have noticed the extreme ſcarcity of game: the laws were then rigorous to exceſs for the preſervation of it. Theſe laws have for ſome years been aboliſhed, and game abounds: the ſucceſs of an experiment, made on ſo large a ſcale, might ſurely prompt the Britiſh legiſlature to withdraw the deſtructive protection (if you will allow me the ſoleciſm) which it yet holds in England over the birds of the air.

As there is no ſquare at Troyes large enough of itſelf to contain the market, it is extended through ſeveral contiguous ſtreets, where the women, facing each other, ſtand with their reſpective goods, making a lane for purchaſes and paſſengers: they were dreſſed very neatly, and the ſcene was altogether lively and

amuſing. Two quack-doctors (we have ſeen ſeveral of theſe aſſaſſins in France) were vending their villainous drugs in one of theſe crowded ſtreets; in another was a delinquent, his arms pinioned, expoſed to public ſhame, on an elevated ſcaffold; this inſtrument of puniſhment is ſomething like our pillory; that is to ſay, it contents itſelf with diſgracing the offender, without inflicting on him any corporal pain. On this ſcaffold was placed a chair, and on the chair was ſeated the down-caſt culprit, with a paper, ſtating, in large letters, his name and offence, which was, that he had ſtolen money from one of his comrades. I wiſhed from my heart, that I could have placed on each ſide of the poor fellow one of thoſe deteſtable peſts of ſociety, thoſe infamous empirics, whom we had juſt heard haranguing the deluded populace, and that I could there have made them ſwallow a copious doſe of their own unantidoted poiſon.

To-day we have paſſed through very extenſive vineyards: I am ſurpriſed to ſee the plants flouriſh on a ſoil, which, to the ſuperficial glance, preſents the very picture of poverty: I ſhould juſt as ſoon have expected the turnpike-road, or a hungry gravel pit, to have yielded me a crop, as the ſtoney ſurface of theſe hills.

The river Seine has accompanied us all the way from Paris; and its waters are ſo high, that the corn-lands, and vineyards are overflowed for many acres together. Our road to-day has frequently been raiſed five and twenty and thirty feet above the natural level of the land: here is no fence of any ſort, and the poſtilions, to avoid the beaten road, drive fearfully near the edge. But theſe fellows are the beſt *whips* I ever ſat behind in my life: one is quite aſtoniſhed at the dexterity with which they wind among the frequent holes and ſtones which lie in their way. We have always found them particularly careful of the carriage, and civil to ourſelves: the French poſt-boys, indeed, are under the immediate inſpection of government: they wear a livery and badge of their office, and a complaint lodged at Paris would ſoon find its way to any one in the remoteſt department. They are, moreover, not only deterred from behaving ill by the fear of puniſhment, but they are encouraged to behave well by a poſitive reward: every one who has driven during the term of twenty years, without having had any well-founded complaint lodged againſt him, is entitled to a penſion of not leſs than 150 nor more than 200 francs. Actuated by this double motive, the poſt-boys here are far more civil, and leſs diſſatisfied, than they are in England.

Dijon, Dec. 13.—We ſeem to have taken leave of the "vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," having travelled this day a much more rocky, mountainous, and uncultivated region, than any we had hitherto paſſed: with ſix horſes, we have not been able to average four miles and a half an hour! That it

ſhould not be the faſhion here to travel for mere pleaſure is not to be wondered at: to whatever perfection the arts and ſciences may be carried in this country, the French are very far behind us in the common conveniences and delicacies of life. A man has very little chance of getting a comfortable dinner here, unleſs he brings his knife in his pocket: even at Paris, you are not ſuppoſed to want more than one at a meal, although you cannot dine witnout dirtying half-a-dozen plates. A knife is never ſharpened from the day it comes from the cutler's to the day of its deſtruction—to wipe it is thought abundantly ſufficient: we have frequently been obliged to call for knives after the dinner was brought up. At Chatillon we aſked the two girls who were waiting, to bring us ſome—"Ah Monſieur! quatre couteaux—Oui, oui"—and each of them immediately pulled out of her pocket two dirty well-heated claſp-knives, and, wiping them with their aprons, with the utmoſt good humour offered us the accommodation, which we very graciouſly accepted.

The French are, in many reſpects, a very naſty people: their cabinets d'aiſance, as they are called by a moſt violent miſnomer, are of all peſtilent places the moſt horrible and offenſive: a traveller, however, may reſt perfectly aſſured, that at the end of his day's journey he will find plenty of clean linen, comprehending ſheets, table cloths, napkins, and towels; good bread, good coffee, good milk, good wine, and good cookery; together with ſprightly, good-humoured countenances among the girls who wait upon him.

Our journey this day would have been delightful in ſummer-time: the road frequently twined between two friendly mountains, and led the eye along a lovely vale watered by the infant Seine, which, like the god of labours, gives evidence of his future ſtrength even in the cradle. We have travelled along the banks of the Seine all the way from Paris, and the ſtream is impetuous wherever we ſee it: yeſterday it evidently diminiſhed in breadth; this morning more ſo, and more and more ſo as we proceeded, and we were curious to trace its ſources, and deteſt its head, which we certainly did between Chanceaux and St. Seine: within the ſpace of ſix or eight miles, five hundred little rills from the mountains rippled down their ſides, and collected into a ſtream, which, riotous as it was, appeared ſo narrow, that one might almoſt have ſprung over it—this was the Seine.

Since our arrival here, we have learned that it is impoſſible to proceed to Geneva, that much ſnow has fallen, from the melting of which the lake has overflowed its banks, and rendered acceſs to it extremely dangerous: theſe ſorts of tales are invented in order to delay us: we certainly ſhall not ſtop till we are forced to it.

Dole,

Dole, Dec. 14—I really begin to ſuſpect there may be ſome truth in our landlord's report: we have hitherto had delightful weather—clear and ſerene—till this morning, when, to our aſtoniſhment and vexation, the ground was covered with ſnow! If the winter ſets in, the roads muſt ſurely be impaſſable, as they are every thing but that already. Dijon is the beſt town, except Paris, that we have yet ſeen: it contains ſeveral very handſome churches, ſeveral very handſome public edifices, and private houſes: the ſtreets are wider, more airy, and more clean, than thoſe of any town we have yet entered. But as we have no time for church-hunting, we ſet off as ſoon as the diurnal reparation of our carriage was completed. At Auxone, we croſſed the river Saone, of which we were informed by the ſight of ſeveral hundred acres of land on our right hand and on our left, which were deluged by his overflowing waves: a noble road, fringed with trees, has been thrown up, at an immenſe expence, and we ſeemed, like the hoſt of the Iſraelites, to be travelling on dry land ſecurely through the divided waters.

Poligny, Dec. 15.—This little village is at the foot of Mont Jura, which we expected to have croſſed this day: but, on our arrival here, an hour ago, we learned that the ſnow was drifted on the other ſide of the mountain, and blocked up the road. The diligence has made three attempts to reach Geneva, and been "thrice ſent bootleſs home and weather-beaten back:" it is now ſtanding in the poſt-houſe yard, encruſted with ice, where it has been delayed theſe three weeks. The day before yeſterday, a French family traverſed part of the mountain, returned in diſappointment, and this morning ſet off by the circuitous route of Bourge, which we muſt purſue at the expence of two extra days. Travelling improves upon us: we were this day four long hours in coming eleven ſhort miles, and of courſe had abundant leiſure for enjoying the beauties of the country. Oxen are here very commonly uſed for draught: yeſterday they made their firſt appearance to us: they are yoked by the horns, and I can hardly conceive a more uneaſy mode of management for the poor animals, who cannot walk with their natural gait, or hold their heads in their natural poſition. Indian corn is grown here on a conſiderable ſcale, and the eaves of the houſes in ſeveral of the villages through which we have paſſed, projects ten or twelve feet from the plane of the walls. You will ſmile at my coupling two ſuch remarks as theſe, but they are not ſo unconnected as you may imagine: when the corn is cut, it is tied up in bunches, and ſuſpended from light rafters, horizontally placed under the ſhelter of theſe eaves, where it remains in a ſtate of progreſſive deſſication—it is a hard word, but I hope you will excuſe it—till it is required for uſe. From this circumſtance of publicly expoſing their corn, one augurs favourably of the honeſty of the people: If thus expoſed in England

I doubt there is too much reaſon to fear that half of it would be ſtolen the firſt night.

The firſt view of Mont Jura, on the road from Mont ſous Voudrais to Poligny, is very ſtriking: from eaſy, though very lofty eminences, the eye is all at once led along a vaſt ſemi-circular chain of hills, a mighty amphitheatre of mountains, whoſe declivity is naked and abrupt. Theſe mountains were covered with ſnow, the ſky was partially clouded, the air ſeverely froſty, and the ſun, where its rays were not obviouſly intercepted, ſhone brilliantly, and preſented to us a very ſtrong oppoſition of light and ſhade on various portions of the ſcene before us. The village of Poligny is naſty, poor, and without any appearance of comfort, but its ſite is eligible and pretty: immediately under the lofty perpendicular precipices of Jura, it is ſcreened by them both from the north and eaſt winds, and on its front commands a very extenſive valley to the ſouth and weſt.

(To be continued,)

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of KING's BENCH, July 10.

Before LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

SEAGRAVE *v.* THUNGATE.

THIS was an action againſt the defendant, a publican in Whitechapel, for negligently leaving his cellar flap-door open, by which the plaintiff fell into the cellar, and diſlocated his ſhoulder. The facts of the caſe were ſimply as follow: the brewers had been putting ſome butts of beer into the cellar, juſt after dark, and when they had done, as they ſaid, one had gone within the doors, and the other was coiling up his rope. The plaintiff, an old man, near ſeventy, paſſing by at the time, fell into the cellar, and diſlocated his ſhoulder. The landlord of the houſe did not behave very humanely when he heard of the accident, but told the plaintiff he ſhould not have a ſurgeon there, but might go out and get one. Several medical men were called who aſſiſted at the London Hoſpital in reducing the diſjointed limb, and they agreed in ſtating the accident to be a very bad one, and very ſevere in its nature. It was alſo proved that the plaintiff could not work at his buſineſs (a watchmaker) for near three months.

Mr. Serjeant Shephard admitted that the poor man had met a moſt unfortunate accident, but ſaid the only queſtion for the jury to try was, whether it happened through any default of the publican's. He inſiſted that all due precaution was taken, and that a light was placed near, ſo as to warn all perſons paſſing that way,

way, and that if the plaintiff had uſed common caution he could not have met his accident. Several witneſſes were called to prove theſe facts; but the learned judge ſaid that it did not ſeem to him due caution had been uſed; they ought to have placed ſome one near the hole to have prevented the poſſibility of any one falling in.—Verdict for plaintiff—damages 20l.

COURT of KING's BENCH, JULY 21.

Sittings before Lord Ellenborough, at Guildhall, London.

BLAKE *v.* the GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK of ENGLAND.

THIS was an action on a promiſſory note for 1000l. The caſe is of conſiderable importance: the trial laſted upwards of eight hours.

Mr. Parke, after ſtating by way of apology that he appeared for the plaintiff, on account of the indiſpoſition of a learned friend, went on to obſerve that the jury would no doubt be aſtoniſhed to find the Bank of England one of the parties on this record. But the truth was, that the bank was only nominally the defendant, and, as appeared from the ſolicitor employed, took no ſhare whatever in the diſpute. Mr. Blake, the holder of the note, was a working ſilverſmith in Caſtle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields, a man of pretty extenſive dealings, and moſt unexceptionable character. About the beginning of April laſt he received a letter from Bath from a perſon who called himſelf Dallow, ſtating, that his uncle was going to advance him a ſum of money, that he was going to ſet up a goldſmith's ſhop in Milſom-ſtreet, and requeſting Mr. Blake to ſend him a liſt of the articles manufactured by him, with the prices annexed. This liſt was accordingly ſent, but with an intimation that ready money would be indiſpenſably neceſſary. In this ſecond letter Mr. Dallow ordered as much plate as would amount to 800l. and ordered ſome ſpoons to be made with the cypher R. for a particular friend, who was to give him handſel on the day he opened ſhop; ready money was faithfully promiſed. Silver was accordingly procured from the refiner, and all the men were kept hard at work. On the evening of the 21ſt, a gentleman called who ſaid his name was Dallow; Mr. Blake was from home, but his clerk deſired him either to wait a little or to call again to-morrow; he ſaid, he could not wait, as he was going into the city to ſee a great number of tradeſmen, from whom he was getting goods. He called again next day about two, and being informed that two-thirds of the articles he had ordered were ſtamped, he ſaid, he would carry away as many of them that evening as could be finiſhed. He likewiſe agreed to buy eighty-one old watches. He accordingly returned at half paſt ſeven. As the goods were packing up, he ſtepped into the counting-office,

fice, and ſaid to Mr. Blake " I am afraid, Sir, I muſt trouble you with a bill." " Oh, (exclaimed the plaintiff), I can take nothing but Bank of England paper." Mr. Dallow ſmiled, and replied, " I never meant to give you any other. Here is a 1000l. note. Let me have the difference." This note appeared dated ſo far back as April, 1793, and the plaintiff was ſtartled. His clerk, however, obſerved, that he had never heard of a forgery upon the bank to the amount of 1000l. and that he had no doubt all was fair and right. Dallow ſaid that, if it had not been for his uncle's death, the note might have been much older; for he was a great hoarder, and would have been glad to have carried it with him to the other world. The plaintiff accordingly took the note, and paid him the balance. Being overſeer of the poor for the pariſh of St. Martin's in the Fields, he was in the habit of receiving large ſums from the pariſhoners. Accordingly he gave him a draft upon Drummond and Co. of General Hulſe, treaſurer to the Prince of Wales, and a bank note indorſed by the Duke of Marlborough. It might be aſked, why he did not give a check upon his own banker for the reſt; but it was well known, that goldſmiths were formerly the only bankers in London, and they ſtill kept their own caſh. He accordingly paid him in bank notes, the numbers of which were taken down by his clerk. Mr. Dallow immediately after carried off the articles in a hackney coach, and never was heard of more. Next morning the clerk carried the 1000l. note to the bank, but on preſenting it for payment, he was told that payment was ſtopped, and the note itſelf was ſeized. The hiſtory of the note was this: in 1793, it had been paid to a man of the name of Noland, a ſoap-boiler, who next day abſconded. A commiſſion being iſſued out againſt him, and he being brought before the commiſſioners, he ſaid that he loſt this, together with ſeveral other notes of which he had given no account, when the coach upſet at North Mimms. An advertiſement was inſerted in the London Gazette, ſtating that payment of the whole was ſtopped; and this one being ſet up to auction, was bought in by ſeveral gentlemen of very large fortune, who indemnified the bank, and who were amply ſufficient to pay the plaintiff his 1000l. together with his coſts. After ſtating theſe particulars, Mr. Parke entered into a very long argument to ſhew that the plaintiff was entitled to recover. No doubt could be entertained, that he paid a full conſideration for it, and that the tranſaction on his part was fair and honourable. Therefore, unleſs all the caſes decided for ages were to be overturned, and the paper-credit of the country was to be deſtroyed, the verdict of the jury muſt paſs in his favour.

The clerk being called, confirmed Mr. Parke in every thing he had ſaid about the manner in which the order was given and executed. On his croſs-examination, he allowed that they never

had an order nearly to this amount before, nor in his time ever dealt with a country cuſtomer. He was not at all ſtartled at the idea of the uncle having died in ſo ſhort a time, and Dallow having come into poſſeſſion of his effects. When Dallow went away in the coach, he deſired that the order might be finiſhed ſaying that he would call again in a few days. It appeared Dallow indorſed the note, and then ſigned his name Dallow, but this circumſtance excited no ſuſpicion.

Several ſilverſmiths were afterwards called, who ſwore that the articles were all charged at their full value.

Proof was then given of General Hulſe's draft being paid, and of other circumſtances.

There being ſome inſinuation that during a journey to the weſt of England the plaintiff had formed an intimacy with this ſwindler, the clerk of the pariſh of St. Martin's, and one of the churchwardens, were called, who ſtated that they had been along with him to Bridgewater upon ſome pariſh buſineſs, and that he was never a quarter of an hour out of their ſight.

Mr. Erſkine made an able ſpeech for the defendants. He allowed that, if the plaintiff had paid a full conſideration for the note, without notice or ſuſpicion of its being illegally come by, he was entitled to a verdict; but under ſuch circumſtances, he contended, it was impoſſible for any man to be deceived. He repreſented Mr. Blake as wiſhing to get off his old watches, and to ſell a large quantity of plate on his own terms. Beſides commenting upon the evidence already given, he ſaid he ſhould prove that the plaintiff refuſed to take any ſteps to detect the impoſtor. He contended always that the bank was liable, and that it was not his buſineſs to make any inquiries.

Mr. Kay, the ſolicitor to the bank, ſwore, that when Mr. Blake came to him he adviſed him to go to Bow-ſtreet, and to advertiſe in the newſpapers; but that he refuſed. The apprentices had ſaid that the coach was No. 1, and they told their maſter of this on the 22d, or the 23d; but according to Mr. Kay, he diſclaimed all knowledge of this kind. However, the witneſs afterwards allowed that Mr. Blake offered to advertiſe and even to go to Bath, if the bank would pay his expences.

Mr. Abraham Newland ſtated, that he had been employed in the Bank of England 54 years. Notes for 1000l. eight or nine years old are very unfrequently in circulation. Every note above a twelvemonth old before it is paid, paſſes through the accountant's office.

The payment of this note to Noland was then proved, together with the inſertion of the advertiſement in the London Gazette. Blake's examination before the commiſſioners of bankrupt was likewiſe read. He had not been allowed the benefit of counſel, but it tallied exactly with the evidence of the witneſſes. After a very animated reply from Mr. Parke,

Lord

Lord Ellenborough proceeded to charge the jury. He ſaid the only queſtion was, whether the plaintiff had not taken the note under ſuch circumſtances of ſuſpicion as muſt neceſſarily have led a reaſonable man to conclude that it had not been honeſtly come by. Having laid down the law with great preciſion, he proceeded to ſum up the evidence. Almoſt all his obſervations were ſtrongly in favour of the defendants, and he ſeemed to be decidedly of opinion, that though the plaintiff had not any previous acquaintance with Dallow, and had taken the order honeſtly enough, yet that he muſt have been aware, from a great variety of circumſtances, that Dallow was not the legal holder of the note, and that from his conſciouſneſs of this he was afraid to make any enquiries.

The jury, however, almoſt without turning round, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 1000l.

A HINT *to the* AFFLUENT.

THE tendency of riches to eſtrange the mind from ſerious and devout reflection has been remarked by obſervers of mankind in all ages. It was the reaſon of a good man's prayer, that he might not have, what moſt people think they never can poſſeſs in too great abundance; and experience ſtill, with a few exceptions, preſents us with uniform memorials of the depravity ariſing from them;—ſufficient ground of fear to thoſe who are in proſperity, and of contentment to thoſe who are placed at a diſtance from it. Inſtead of any uſeful employment of their time, what is the life of many but a courſe of exceſs; an exhibition of pride under the name of hoſpitality; a round of frivolous amuſements, and mirth without meaning, made to paſs under the name of joy and gladneſs. Endeavour to derive from your proſperity ſomething that will add more to your dignity and advantage; ſuch an enlargement of the mind as will render you leſs dependent on the world for your pleaſure in it; ſuch as will render time too valuable to be thrown away, and make ſolitude a pleaſing retreat, where you may commune with your own heart, and ſee "the faſhion of this world paſſing away" without any injury to that "peace which paſſeth all underſtanding."

A REFLECTION.

A Prevailing habit of diſſipation, too great an attachment to the pleaſures of ſenſe, too frequent approaches to ſcenes of luxury and frivolity, corrupt the taſte for virtuous enjoyment, for the pleaſures of reaſon, faith, and religious hope. They contract the mind.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHILE the king of Pruſſia was on his late journey, an officer fell at his feet, to requeſt he would permit him to marry, and declared, at the ſame time, that the woman he loved did not poſſeſs the fortune preſcribed by the law. The king replied, that he could not grant a permiſſion contrary to law. The officer perſevered, and declared, that the perſon he loved was pregnant, and that, as a man of honour, he could not abandon her. To which the king anſwered, "Wait until I have made ſome enquiries;" and, a few days after, the king ſent him as a preſent the ſum neceſſary, according to law, to authorize his marriage, wiſhing him, at the ſame time, happineſs in his new ſtate.

REFLECTIONS *on* NATURE.

THE ſtudy of nature has been univerſally eſteemed, and is certainly a delightful theme; a theme which unfetters the ſoul from low purſuits and grovelling actions, and raiſes it to the contemplation of Him who ſpake it into being, and at whoſe nod it will again ſink into chaos. Who can view the animating, the all-cheering ſun, and not behold a God? Who can ſee the planets revolve in beauteous order and harmony, and not obſerve the finger of the Deity? Who can behold the wonderful ſtructure of the human frame, and believe it the effects of chance? Who can obſerve the taſte and delicacy diſplayed in the varied cloathing of the brute creation, the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes, and the unrivalled hues which adorn ſome of the moſt minute inſects, without feeling his mind inſenſibly drawn forth in admiration of the Great Author!

On VIOLENT PASSIONS.

VIOLENT paſſions always diſcompoſe the mind, and impair reaſon to a certain degree; and have been known to riſe even to phrenſy, and hurry men on to perpetrations that have ſhortened their days, and made life miſerable, and death quite infamous. Many of them are attended with feveriſh ſymptoms; ſome give a moſt unaccountable addition of bodily ſtrength, which, however, ſoon ends in languor; and ſome more boiſterous have brought on fainting, apoplexy, and inſtant death. Nothing more needs be ſaid to ſhew the dreadful effects of violent paſſion, the indiſpenſable duty of carefully guarding againſt it, and the inexcuſable temerity of ſpeaking and acting under its influence.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to G. England's Enigma, inſerted June 28

YESTERDAY once was, twill ne'er again appear
Whilſt circling time rolls round in her diurnal ſphere.

A CHARADE, *by John Tremlett, of Newton Abbot.*

GO ſcan the wood, my firſt you'll find;
My next the ſcriptures bring to mind.
Now range my whole in order true,
A common trade you'll have in view.

A CHARADE, *by W. Strong, of Exeter.*

WITHIN Ezekiel's book, alas! my firſt,
For numerous crimes, by God's completely curſt;
My ſecond, Sirs, I often take to ſwim,
Oftener to work, and ſometime trees to climb:
My ſimple much conceals a well-known name,
That bears with patience every perſon's blame.

A REBUS, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

NOW peace and plenty crowns our iſle,
May wealth and commerce on us ſmile!
And may my firſt, deſtructive ſound!
Unto our ears no more rebound!
A jeweller next pray bring to view;
And laſt what pleaſes the gay crew:
Combine the parts aright, 'tis clear,
My whole is found in Lancaſhire.

A REBUS, *by H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter.*

OH may my firſt his bleſſings ſpread
Around Britannia's iſle!
And may my ſecond's humble ſhed
Meet the reward of toil!

And if thro' life's uncertain way
My third your efforts foil;
Then try my firſt, without delay,
Your ſorrow, to beguile.

My fifth gives birth to deeds of fame,
Moſt glorious to our race;
My next brings horror in its train,
A nation's dire diſgrace.

Heaven in mercy to mankind
My ſeventh wiſely ſent;
My next you'll ſhortly bring to mind
If 'board a ſhip you're bent.

My ninth it is a prophet's name,
In ſcripture to be found;
To praiſe my laſt the trump of fame
Continues yet to ſound.

The initials join'd will plain unfold
A ſage who liv'd in days of old.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS *in a* SCHOOL.

BEHOLD the magiſterial nod,
Whoſe pow'rs ſo ſoon can call forth ſilence: ſee
You not behind that dread and awful frown
Some ſoft ſigns of paternal favour? Thus
High Heav'n, when low'ring clouds obſcure the ſky,
And ſpread the raging ſtorm, oft from behind
Beams forth a ray of light to cheer the ſcene.
Note but yon ſummon'd culprit—ſee him ſlow
And ſnail-like creep, and with a downcaſt look
Draw nigh the all-dreaded throne of majeſty.
How every muſcle trembles at the glance!
But, ſoft, the cunning idler to his place
Returns untouch'd, and, for atonement's ſake,
Vows he will never, never diſobey.
O fine promiſe of amendment! Oft I've
With pleaſure view'd the evaneſcent ſhades
Of fear, that ſtray'd o'er youth's fair countenance,
Diſperſe and vaniſh at the voice of praiſe;
Oft, too, with equal ſtudy have I mark'd
The wondrous influence of a paſſive ſmile,
Awak'ning indolence, redoubling care.
This always ſure—when peace ſubſides, and warm
Scholaſtic feuds ariſe, ſooneſt he'll claim
Attention who appears the leaſt diſpleas'd.

How happy, then, who can in one unite
The art of pleaſing and of being fear'd,
Can claim reſpect the while he wins eſteem,
And take from ſpleen all pow'r of diſcontent!
Look round on him, his pupils, and his own—
All are one chain, one ever-blooming tree,
Whoſe tendereſt leaf, with kind ſolicitude,
Shelters the trunk which gave it ſtrength to ſpread.

Thus will be daily his good name renew,
Who is a maſter and a father too.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of a* YOUNG LADY.

GO, hapleſs ſufferer, doom'd on earth to know
A long ſucceſſion of unvaried woe,
Now reſt in peace, and from the realms of day,
The ſtorms and tempeſts of this world ſurvey.
Tho' human praiſe can never touch thee more,
Nor human cenſure, on that heavenly ſhore,
Now reach thine ear, ſhall no memorial ſave,
Thy Chriſtian virtues from the cloſing grave;
No friendly hand, with due remembrance turn,
To drop one flower on thy untimely urn?
Yes, let my feeble muſe record thy worth,
In ſtrains as tranſient as thy life on earth.
Tell the warm love, that in thy boſom grew,
E'en when the world, and all its hopes, withdrew;

I feel

I feel thy feverish hand still press'd on mine,
I see thy glistening eyes expressive sigh—
Catch the low voice that wishes, but in vain,
To tell how gratitude can conquer pain.
That time I oft remember—('twas the last,
That e'er upon your face these eyes I cast)—
While yet the merry bells, with mingling sound,
Jocund proclaim'd returning peace around,
I breath'd a wish, that thou too hadst the pow'r
To share with millions in that festive hour;
Then didst thou feel thy lingering pains beguil'd,
And rais'd once more your languid head, and smil'd,
Heard the loud shouts of bliss without alloy,
And, join'd, exulting, in the general joy;
Your noble thoughts, in fond affection kind,
You turn'd upon the world you left behind;
With heartfelt pleasure saw war's ravage cease,
And bless'd your God that you had liv'd till peace;
That life's faint lamp prolong'd its glimmering ray,
Till the bright dawn of that auspicious day,
When gladness sparkles from ten thousand eyes,
And calm'd the mother's fears, and stopp'd the widow's cries.

VERITAS.

EUPHRASIA, *at the Tomb of her Father.*

HERE sleeps the brave! Lo! in this narrow tomb
Dissolves a heart, which Heav'n approving, claim'd:
Tho' here no banner wave, no laurels bloom,
Honour's high worth, and virtue's ardour flam'd.

Here, O my soul! yet hover for a while,
With thy warm tears this hallow'd spot bedew;
With filial care the tyrant death beguile,
And bid thy parent still return to view.

His form impress'd the index of his mind;
Beauteous, commanding, honour'd, and admir'd;
With all the melting charities refin'd,
Yet firm as truth, by loyalty inspir'd.

Dear sacred shade! Ah! teach my breast to know
The calm, enduring fortitude of thine;
Still, thro' the dreary vale of care and woe,
Be thy bright shield, the shield of virtue mine.

Here shall the orphan mourn their pitying friend,
The widow'd suff'rer find relief no more;
Here drooping age and pining want attend,
To speak thy value, and their loss deplore.

The veteran too, from war's fierce toils repair'd,
May pause, at worth's command, and heave a sigh;
Here lies, who dauntless fac'd, yet nobly spar'd—
Nor knew, but from dishonour's path, to fly.

When the shrill trumpet rends the echoing skies,
And justice rears the high impartial scale,
Then shall this precious dust triumphant rise,
And with eternal victory prevail.

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